

## Boarding School Again.

A PAINFUL TIME FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

As the boat glided slowly from the wharf, the companions are lined along the narrow pier waving handkerchiefs, and the lone, lorn schoolgirl, the first to leave, waits amid the baggage and the deckhands until the last glimmer of white duck and scarlet tie fades from sight. Then, as she climbs the companionway wearily to the upper deck, she knows that the summer is over and that



THE NIGHT BEFORE.

Disrupted the tearfully close to be trayal. There was an onslaught of both sexes from the boats, carriages and roads. The good-bys were insistent and exclamatory. "You'll write soon?" "Don't forget to send me your picture." "See you at the Christmas holiday." "Give my love to Mary." The boat glides slowly from the wharf, the companions are lined along the narrow pier waving handkerchiefs, and the lone, lorn schoolgirl, the first to leave, waits amid the baggage and the deckhands until the last glimmer of white duck and scarlet tie fades from sight. Then, as she climbs the companionway wearily to the upper deck, she knows that the summer is over and that

the last wail of the whistle as it echoes and reaches amid the eternal hills is the swan song of good times and youthful irresponsibility. And this swan song is heard all over the land. At summer resort and at city home, is the lamentation of the departing. They are soon to be prisoners of despair—these frolicsome boys and girls who have run wild through the summer months, who have laughed at rules and regulations, who have, with the indifference of the young, pushed aside every thought of the unpleasant morrow, and enjoyed the present moment.

"Personally," said a father, as he read aloud a few pages of a boarding school prospectus to a room full of grown-ups, "if I were my own daughter I would put my foot down and say I wouldn't go. If she did I would never have the heart to send her. Think of it," and he read this programme:

Rise at 7, bathe and dress. Breakfast, 8 to 9. Study hours, 9 to 11. Recitations, 11 to 12.30. Luncheon, 12.30 to 1. Recitation, 1.30 to 4. Study, 4 to 5.

"Now," she continued, "what mature person would stand that? Not one of us. We'd kick over the traces in a moment. It makes my heart ache."

It really did. If his little daughter had come in at the psychological moment and thrown her arms around him she would never have been sent away from him this autumn. That is certain.

"I suppose she has got to be taught things," he remarked at length, philosophically, "but it is hard lines on us both. She is the apple of my eye and we have to be separated most of the year, and then, of course, as soon as she gets out of school, some fool man will come along, tell her she is the dearest thing on earth and carry her away in spite of my screams. I know I did the same thing to her mother."

The experience of the father and the departing daughter is duplicated thousands of times. Perhaps it is more common in New York than elsewhere, for apartment life is more prevalent here and apartment life and the proper training of children seem an almost impossible combination.

Says one mother: "It would be worth \$300 a year if I could get Betty to go to bed at a reasonable hour, but I can't. We have a great deal of company or my husband and I go out. In either case Betty refuses to sleep."

"If there is company she is miserable. If she is not allowed to be with them. If we are going out, she must wait up to see mamma dressed, and, like as not, I find her propped up with pillows when I return, waiting to hear all about it."

"What can you do with a child like that? Boarding school is the only solution possible."

Another mother with three children tells the same tale of woe. "It seems heartless to turn the children out to grass in this

way," she says, "but I know it is for their good. The apartment life in New York is impossible for the growing child. They have no youth."

"They are precocious, mature before they are out of short dresses, and in after days have no memories of child life. It isn't by any means the happiest time of life when one is in it, but it is the happiest to look back upon, and no one should be deprived of that blessing."

"And, candidly," she confessed, "no mother but will admit that after the first pang of separation is over she is relieved by the knowledge that her child will be taken care of and she will be at home."

"Education is like sickness in this respect. A physician doesn't care to have his patient cured for by one of the family, for he knows his regulations in regard to diet, medicine and sleep will be subject to the sympathy of the untrained nurse. So, in matters of education, the parent is too apt to yield to coaxing, to fears of health and to allow the child to stay at home when she should go to school."

The English are different from us in this respect. The English boy is sent to school at an early age, and thereafter the youth's life is almost entirely separated from that of the family.

"Our little island is so small," said one Englishman, "that we have to prepare ourselves for this inevitable separation. As soon as possible our boys go to the Colonies, to the United States, into the army and navy, and we have to prepare them for independence and ourselves for their absence."

The English children are educated in the home, too, with thoroughness. Said an American woman recently: "I was calling at an English country

little way off a big artificial lake, where they have water tournaments. There isn't a place in this country can beat it!"

"You like it?"

"Well, sometimes it's hard," he admitted, "when I get behind hand and have to make up things, but the fellows are all right."

As a general thing it may be accepted as a truth that "the fellows" are all right, and a boy will never object to his school days.

An American father was asked recently why he sent his only son to a boarding school at so early an age.

"Cigarettes," he answered briefly. No further explanation was due.

The boy who is rightly placed at a preparatory boarding school may smoke cigarettes, but he will have a hard time doing it. Another father explained his son's departure in these words:

"There comes a time in every boy's life when he needs a good lickin', and he needs it often. I didn't have said enough to give it to him, so the only thing to do was to get somebody to give it to him or to put him where he would not need it."

There may be a good reason for it, but to the lay mind it seems odd that in almost every place where is established a girls' school, at a stone's throw, there is a school for boys immediately erected, and vice versa. Then come tantalizing regulations which prohibit meetings.

Sometimes if the boy has known a girl at her home he is allowed to call. Oh, those boarding school calls under careful chaperonage, with conversation stilted and unnatural! But as the boarding school girl remarks, "They are better than nothing."

Occasionally an evening dance or reception is given and the boys are admitted



TALKING OVER THEIR HOLIDAYS.

home and asked to see my hostess's children, having children of my own at the school of corresponding age. She looked doubtful.

"I will ask Fraulein," she said at length, "but I cannot promise."

A servant was dispatched with the message and returned with this answer: "Fraulein is very sorry, but the children are at their lessons and cannot be disturbed."

"Imagine that happening in an American household or an American mother receiving that message from her paid employee."

The American boy takes more kindly to the boarding school than the girl. It may be that already the boy's mind is capable of greater breadth of view than the girl's and he recognizes his coming freedom and power in the very routine which, looked at in a narrow way, seems only irksome. Said a young boy recently as he stepped from his canoe on the shores of Lake Saranac and gazed disparagingly at the panorama of Adirondack scenery stretched before him:

"Yes; it's all right as scenery goes, but, enthusiastically, 'you ought to see the scenery about our school. I'm near Asheville,' he pointed to his throat in explanation, 'and the ground's high and there's the French Broad River in front and a

"with a keeper." These evenings are intended to give a social tone to the school course, but they sometimes do more than that, and the friendships formed there often end at the altar. Said a young married woman in speaking of her boarding school experience:

"I met him," pointing to her six-foot husband, "while we were at adjoining schools."

"We had a post office rigged up in the trunk of an old tree and there was a messenger detailed from each school to get the letters and distribute them."

"It went on for six months before it was discovered. Afterward we met on our walks and exchanged shy glances. Then he came to the winter dance and was introduced to me with great formality by the teacher who accompanied us on our walks and who was absolutely blind to the fact of our previous acquaintance."

"He was graduated a year before I was, and we lost sight of each other, but I always cherished a warm feeling for my first love, and when we met by chance the old affair was resumed, the intervening ones wiped out, and I discovered the statement that one never marries one's first love."

"The most amusing experience that happened in my boarding school life," said



ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

another woman, "had to do with a young naval cadet. It was in Washington and we used to meet him during exercise hour, every day at the same place, and I gave you my word the attendant teacher never saw a thing. They seldom do."

"He flirted with every girl in the school. He had a very winning smile that took in twenty girls at once. We went wild over him, and he furnished subject for recreation conversation every day for a month."

"Suddenly our old French teacher left and one was advertised for. If you will believe it, that young man saw the 'ad,' came to the school, was ushered into the classroom, sat there for half an hour talking to the head of the school and smiling at the girls, who, of course, were enjoying the situation largely."

"His French was perfect, and the head of the school acknowledged afterward that if he had not been so young and good looking he would have engaged him right away."

Boarding school histories are full of experiences of an emotional nature which are due to the obtuseness of principals in engaging good looking young men as teachers. The mere fact that these men are tutors seems to place them, in the manager's mind, out of the range of emotional temptations.

Right under the eyes of the feminine teachers, the girls of 16, 17, or thereabouts, carry on the most desperate love affairs with the good looking tutors to whom their education in certain branches is entrusted. Sometimes an elopement opens the eyes, or it is a fit of hysterics, a hair pulling episode or something equally tragic. Then a gray haired, wrinkled professor succeeds to the vacant place, and recreation hours become lifeless affairs, all deprived of their principal theme in the way of gossip.

"What is the pleasantest part of your school year?" was asked of a young girl on her way to a convent school in Maryland.

"I really think," she said, after a moment's thought, "that it is the coming back after the summer vacation. It is the most painful, too, if you can understand what I mean."

"It's hard to feel the vacation is over, but it's such fun to see all the girls again

and talk over our experiences. We are obliged to report on Wednesday, although our lessons don't begin until the following Monday. Discipline is not so severe, and we can walk and talk together and compare notes; and then it's fine to meet the new girls and to get the letters that are always waiting."

"Letters? Are you allowed to receive all the letters that are sent you without question?"

"Oh, dear, no; that wouldn't be right," and the convent training asserted itself. "There was a time when the girls were allowed to receive their home letters, but then it happened that girls were made ill for days through the receipt of bad news, death and accident, and of course a girl always takes those things so much harder when she is away from home, so now the sisters read them over first."

"Tell me some more about discipline. What is the hardest thing you have to do?" was the next question.

"It seems silly, but, really, it is the arrangement of the curtains. You see, we sleep in a long dormitory, and at the foot of every bed is a window. When we retire we have to open the curtain a little so we will be awakened early the next morning. It's awfully hard, for if it were not for those old curtains we could sleep on and on and on."

"That is the hardest cross you have to bear?"

"That, and the penances; our punish-

ment, you know, for being late, talking, bad lessons, &c. It takes long to use up the recreation hour, and poetry—"

The young girl made a wry face.

"Do you mind if I tell you a story about boarding school poetry? It's true; I know the girl. She was in the class two years before."

"She was always getting into trouble, and when the sisters found out that she hated poetry and never could lift it without a perfectly awful effort, they set her poetry penance all the time. She got to be a perfect poetry mill."

"Her family wanted her to marry a distant cousin and she would have fallen in love with him if it hadn't been that he insisted upon reciting poetry to her. He always seemed to be unfortunate, too, in picking out the poems she had recited her eyes out learning, and you can imagine the result."

"She finally got so she couldn't bear to see him, he recalled such unpleasant episodes—lovely sunny days with the other girls playing and she sitting alone, or wretched, cold, dark winter twilights. It takes a brave man to recite poetry to a boarding-school girl. He is sure to be hoodooed soon or late."

"One of the most pathetic incidents that have come under my supervision as head of a girls' boarding school," was the remark of a middle-aged woman, "concerned a girl of about fourteen whose mother had died and whose father had married again. The other girls were always getting letters from home and reading them aloud, but Nancy's father never wrote letters and the stepmother used to ignore her existence completely."

"Finally, Nancy brooded over it to such an extent that she would go off by herself and write imaginary letters from an imaginary mother. Then she would bring them and read them aloud to her schoolmates, who weren't old enough to distinguish and supposed them genuine."

"I found one of them and sent it with a little note of explanation to the stepmother. She was so touched by it that she came right on to the school and from that time if Nancy had been her own daughter she could have not been more thoughtful and affectionate in her treatment of her."

If this going back to school is hard on the girl and boy it is no less so for the parent. There are innumerable details of wardrobe which must be attended to and the strict regulations in regard to laundry work, pin money, the omnipotent shirt waist, &c. Strapping the last trunk, the tired mother says to a sympathetic friend:

"It is worse than getting married."



WAITING FOR THE STEAMBOAT.

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FAREWELL TO VACATION CHUMS.

## EARNING POWER OF YALE MEN.

HARVEST REAPED BY NEEDY STUDENTS LAST SUMMER.

Besides Waiting at Table They Drove Milk Wagons and Acted as Pull Bearers. Among Other Things—Many Freshmen to Work Their Way Through College.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 26.—About seventy freshmen, or one-fifth of the class, in the academic department at Yale this year expect to earn all or part of the money required to pay the expenses of their first year in college. In the whole university, Prof. C. L. Kitchel of the Self Help Bureau reports, about 200 men will make the experience of trying to support themselves this year for the first time. In the academic department the corporation has voted \$30,000 this year for scholarships for needy students, and this will be given out principally through the Bureau of Self Help.

When the students left for the long vacation last June about 300 applied for work for the summer, and Prof. Kitchel is just getting returns of the work done by the men. The long vacation is regarded by the poor student's golden opportunity, for he more he earns the less he will have to work for a livelihood during the college year.

One man has reported that he earned \$700 by tutoring a young man in Washington for ten weeks. Another has cared for three young children of a Yale professor during the summer months and has added con-

siderable to his stock of money.

Several men have been driving milk wagons in the early morning hours and harvested hay between times. One student, George, who is an invalid and resides near New Haven has been traveling through Nova Scotia and has had with him a Yale man to act as nurse and guide.

A half dozen Yale men have been acting as pullbearers at funerals during the season and have found the work so profitable that they will continue after college opens. The Silver Bay religious conference at Lake George attracted a score or more of needy Yale men and all had a successful tidin there.

One student has been making out bills of fare at a White Mountain resort all the season and he has been so successful that the leading Yale "joint" of the town has hired him for the coming year to make out all its menus.

All the summer resorts from Brook Island to Kennebunkport have had small colonies of Yale men acting as waiters, clerks, cooks and general helpers.

It is estimated that the students of the academic department have earned during the year just closed about \$40,000. Last year thirty-seven sophomores earned \$10,000, and twenty-eight seniors earned \$8,000. These figures include only those who made reports to the Bureau of Self Help and not all who earned part of their tuition.

Besides the routine work furnished each year for needy students during term time, which includes waiting at table, caring for furnaces, lawns and horses, doing street car service, clerical work and reporting, there is a new field open this year in the line of chauffeurs and already several Yale men

have qualified themselves in this capacity.

An increasing number of students this year have come back to college with automobiles, and Prof. Kitchel expects that there will be an opportunity for several expert chauffeurs to earn good money this fall in managing fractious machines and teaching the novice to handle the vehicles.

**BROOKLYN COBBLESTONES CO.**

Improved Pavements Across the River Since Consolidation.

It was for many years a familiar saying in Brooklyn that "till consolidation came the cobblestones would not go." This saying has come true.

At the time of consolidation, Jan. 1, 1898, Brooklyn had 51 miles of paved streets. Of these 26 miles were paved with cobblestones. There were 110 miles of granite pavement, 50 miles of macadamized roadway, 44 miles of Belgian block, 38 miles of asphalt and 1 mile of brick pavement. There were a few yards of wooden pavement remaining and a few feet of sandstone.

During the four years since consolidation, in 1898 to 1901, 40 miles of pavement were laid. Since Jan. 1, 1902, 120 miles have been laid.

There are now 173 miles of cobblestone pavement in Brooklyn, 83 miles less than at the period of consolidation. There is an increase of 18 miles in granite pavement, of 30 miles in macadamized pavement, and of 2 miles in Belgian pavement. Where there was, at the time of consolidation, 38 miles of asphalt pavement in Brooklyn, there are now 136 miles, a gain of nearly one hundred.

Practically since consolidation the amount of cobblestone pavement in Brooklyn has been reduced 40 miles and the amount of asphalt pavement has been increased 100 miles. It is a good exchange, as every resident of, sojourner in or visitor to, Brooklyn will agree.

**LAST OF AN OLD-TIME ACTRESS.**

Elizabeth Anderson, Favorite of Many Famous Folks, Is Dead.

Another member of that curious theatrical colony housed in the Forrest Home near Philadelphia has just died. This was Elizabeth Anderson. Strangely enough, she began her career in an amateur club named after Edwin Forrest and ended her days in the home he founded for unfortunate mothers of his profession.

Mrs. Anderson was born in Boston in 1833. She acted professionally first in Boston in "Ingomar." She was then, 25 years old. During the next five years she lived in the Museum Mrs. Anderson played with Edwin Booth and Mrs. Barrows. Her sixth year on the stage was passed at the Athenaeum in Boston, when she played in the company of Jean De La Port. When she left her native city it was to play with Charles Keene and Eliza Follen in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Later she acted in Baltimore and with Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon" when that archaic composer was a sprightly novelty. She was also associated with the elder Sothorn when "Our American Cousin" with Lord Dundreary was as new as "The Earl of Pawnee" is to-day.

In the subsequent years of her career Mrs. Anderson's services were sought by the best of her time. She was at the Boston Museum and played with Mary Anderson. When Dion Boucicault took Booth's Theatre in 1882 with John Brougham, John Clayton, Rose Coghlan, Marie Prescott and other distinguished performers in the production of his unfortunate play "Rescued," Mrs. Anderson was in the cast. Daniel Bandmann selected her to play in "Narcissus" when he came here with his wife to the Standard Theatre. She had often played the Nurse to the Juliet of Adelaide Nilsson. She retired in 1895.

When the exposition was young the groups were made up of St. Louis people, with only an occasional outsider. The board of directors of the fair, the executive committee, the three or four chief promoters, the officers, these furnished material for many photographs to take a snapshot, and in every instance David R. Francis stood or sat in the front row.

It was not long until the act of taking a photograph at the exposition grounds became known by Mr. Francis's initials.

## MOST PHOTOGRAPHED OF MEN

WORLD'S RECORD MADE BY D. R. FRANCIS OF ST. LOUIS.

His Picture Taken 800 Times in the Last Two Years—Present Average Three Portraits a Day—He Has Posed With Distinguished People Mostly.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 26.—President David R. Francis of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is said to have been photographed in the last two years more times than any other man in the world. It is estimated that he has stood for his picture nearly eight hundred times since the exposition idea first came to a definite head. His average now is about three pictures a day.

He nearly always poses in a group. The others in the picture are visitors to the offices or grounds of the fair, and it appears to be an unwritten law that a picture of such a group of distinguished visitors must be taken with Mr. Francis in a conspicuous position. The photographer always waits for Gov. Francis before focusing the instrument.

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As time wore on there came to St. Louis various groups of more or less distinguished visitors. Now came a delegation of citizens from Texas, representing the Lone Star agitation for representation at the fair. They had to be photographed along with Gov. Francis, so that they could carry the picture to Austin as evidence that they had attended to business.

Then came a picturesque party of Japanese armed with commissions to do sundry things in connection with the fair. In the midst of the group, photographed in the midst of the group, stood the figure of the Governor of Missouri. Next, perhaps, was a delegation from Honolulu, dusky of hue, squat of stature, and over the heads of the visitors, in the group picture, towered the tall Missourian.

Prince Henry of Prussia, accompanied by gold laced naval officers and others, made his appearance. The Prince and the president of the exposition must be pictured together.

Last year Mark Twain was in town. Before he departed he was wooed to D. R. Francis in immortal photography.

The Crown Prince of Siam came, and conquered. Gov. Francis, two feet taller than the little royal figure, helped to make the picture memorable.

Mr. Wu came and was caught by the camera in close proximity to the Governor. Mr. Wong, the Chinese Vice-Commissioner, arrived lately and was photographed in the same company, and Mme. Wong was included in the group.

The Board of Lady Managers, the National Commission, the baker's dozen of State Governors at the dedication cere-

"Have you been D. R. F'd to-day?" became a common form of salutation.

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monies—all insisted upon Gov. Francis being in the group when the camera man dedicated around.